

PRAIRIE FLOWER. S

BY P. B. WEST.

Seen in peerless beauty
Are the prairie flowers,
Nurtured by the sunlight,
Fostered by the showers,
Glowing in the noontide,
Then drinking in the dew,
Sending forth their odors ;
Enchanting is the view.

Nestling by the way-side
Where a fountain flows.
Under well trained coppice,
There blooms the brier rose,
Kissed by gentle zephyr,
And strengthened by the breeze ;
Aye, who would not linger
Where nature strives to please ?

Where the stream'et wanders
The placid lake to meet,
See the water-lillies
Exhaling odors sweet !
Now in broad savannas,
Cypripedium fair,
Nodding by the willows,
The Orchis tribe is there.

Golden rod and aster
That bloom on either side,
Ophrys, now relieving,
Wave there in conscious pride ;
Priceless gifts bestowing,
Our Flora's lavish hand
Now, with heart o'erflowing,
With beauty decks the land.

Hie unto the prairie
And while a pleasant hour !
Earnest thoughts will rise there,
Above the fleeting flower,
Silent praise ascending,
Wherever beauty glows,
Pleasures never ending
Where life's smooth current flows.

Yet, a lovelier flower
Is blooming near, I ween ;
Often, in our rambles
And in day-dreams, is seen ;
By the fountain nodding,
Blooming every hour,
Hist ! alack ! this plodding,
Contentment—is that flower.